Head Shrinkers!

"The Hawk" Is a Swashbuckling Story of Men Who Sail the Sea

There's witchery in the creaking of a block, the hoist or furl of mighty canvas or the pull of a rushing tide. There's a fascination to the sea, and the men who battle her. This is the sterling background used in THE HAWK, the story of the dashing, swashbuckling captain of the good ship Lady Scarlett, the comic strip which will be featured in this paper starting soon.

With his brave and trusty crew THE HAWK roves the waters of the world, defending the weak and curbing the greedy who lust for power and wealth beyond their due.

And a special word for one member of this strange crew, namely, Velvet. She's as unpredictable as a keg of black powder with a lit fuse. She's a curvatious blonde beauty who has set her course for THE HAWK'S heart, but would rather walk the plank than admit it.

THE HAWK is drawn by Rod Maxwell, an artist who specializes in marine work. Thus the art work throughout is truly authentic and will delight any reader who is a "stickler" for facts.

THE HAWK is a feature of the highest quality. We're proud to present it to you weekly and know you will be fascinated by it.

IN THE JOURNAL THIS WEEK!

Feature Story, exclusive with this paper, on the East Alton Exchange Club beginning on page 1.

The "Kiddie Korner," in which appears exclusive pictures of tiny tots of the township, page 2.

"It Is Time to Think" and "A Mountain of Potatoes" on the editorial page are of interest to all, page 4.

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NEW FEATURE starts tomorrow

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SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1947

KIDNAPPED

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

IN IV PARTS.

PART I.

DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, MEN WERE SHANGHAIED INTO THE VIRTUAL SLAVERY OF MARITIME SERVICE AND MADE TO SERVE IN THE CREWS OF UNSCRUPULOUS CAPTAINS.

THIS IS THE STORY OF DAVID BALFOUR WHO, AT THE AGE OF 17, WAS FORCED TO ESTABLISH HIS RIGHTFUL INHERITANCE AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER. HELPLESS IN THE HANDS OF HIS SCHEMING UNCLE, EBENEZER BALFOUR, DAVID IS IMPRESSED INTO A SHIP'S CREW, AND A SERIES OF FAST MOVING CRISES SOON FOLLOW.

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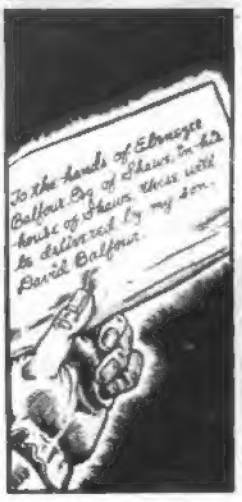
AND ALONG THE WAY, HE IS MET BY MR. CAMPBELL, THE VILLAGE MINISTER...
YOUR FATHER GAVE ME IN CHARGE A CERTAIN LETTER WHICH HE SAID WAS YOUR INHERITANCE.
THANK YOU, SIR.



THE HOUSE OF SHAWS! WHAT HAD MY POOR FATHER TO DO WITH THE HOUSE OF SHAWS?
NAY, WHO CAN TELL THAT? THE NAME OF THAT FAMILY, DAVIE BOY, IS THE NAME YOU BEAR... BALFOUR OF SHAWS.

TWO DAYS LATER...
GREETINGS, VILLAGER. HAVE YOU HEARD TELL OF THE HOUSE OF SHAWS?
IF YE'LL TAKE A WORD FROM ME, WE'LL KEEP CLEAR OF THE SHAWS.

THEN, QUITE SUDDENLY A FIGURE APPEARS AT THE WINDOW. STARTLED, BUT DETERMINED, DAVID GATHERS HIS VOICE...
I HAVE COME HERE WITH A LETTER TO MR. EBENEZER BALFOUR OF SHAWS. IS HE HERE?
YE CAN PUT IT DOWN UPON THE DOORSTEP, AND BE OFF WITH YE!

NEXT, DAVID QUESTIONS A BARBER...
WHAT KIND OF A MAN IS MR. BALFOUR OF THE SHAWS?
HOOT, HOOT, HOOT. NAE KIND OF A MAN! NAE KIND OF A MAN AT ALL.

THAT IS THE HOUSE OF SHAWS! BLOOD BUILT IT; BLOOD STOPPED THE BUILDING OF IT; BLOOD SHALL BRING IT DOWN! I SPIT ON THE GROUND AND CRACK MY THUMB AT IT!

I WILL DO NO SUCH THING. I WILL DELIVER IT INTO MR. BALFOUR'S HANDS AS IT WAS MEANT I SHOULD DO IT IS A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.
WHO ARE YE?

THEY CALL ME DAVID BALFOUR.
IS YOUR FATHER DEAD? AY, HE'LL BE DEAD AND THAT'LL BE WHAT BRINGS YOU TO MY DOOR. WELL, MAN, I'LL LET YOU IN.

THE NEXT HALF-HOUR BROUGHT DAVID IN SIGHT OF ANOTHER TRAVELLER...
...HE DISCOVERS HIS NEW COMPANION IS BLIND. HE TELLS THE MAN OF HIS EXPERIENCES WITH THE GUIDE TO WHOM HE PAID THE SEVEN SHILLINGS...
WAS IT TOO MUCH?
TOO MUCH! WHY, I'LL GUIDE YOU TO TOROSAY MYSELF FOR A DRAM OF BRANDY, AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE PLEASURE OF MY COMPANY IN THE BARGAIN.
I DON'T SEE HOW A BLIND MAN CAN BE A GUIDE!
MY STICK IS EYES ENOUGH FOR AN EAGLE, IN THE ISLE OF MULL AT LEAST, WHERE I KNOW EVERY STONE AND HEATHER BUSH BY MARK OF HEAD.
SEE NOW, DOWN THERE A STREAM IS RUNNING AND AT THE HEAD OF IT, THERE STANDS A BIT OF A SMALL HILL WITH A STONE COCKED ON TOP OF THAT.
HA! THAT'S NOTHING; WOULD YE BELIEVE ME NOW, BEFORE THE ACT CAME OUT AND THERE WERE WEAPONS IN THIS COUNTRY, I COULD SHOOT?

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DAVID'S SUSPICION BEGINS ON NOTING A PISTOL IN THE BLIND MAN'S COAT...
IF YE HAVE SUCH A THING AS A PISTOL, I WOULD SHOW YE HOW IT'S DONE.
I HAVE NOTHING OF THE SORT.
PLANNING TO POSSESS HIMSELF OF ANY WEAPON THE BOY HAD AND RECEIVING SUCH AN ANSWER, ENCOURAGES THE CRAFTY STRANGER TO NEXT INVESTIGATE DAVID'S WEALTH...
CAN YE CHANGE A FIVE SHILLING PIECE?
THE BLIND MAN EDGES CLOSER TO DAVID IN AN ATTEMPT TO GRASP AND ROB HIM, BUT DAVID, AWARE OF THIS INTENT, DANCES OUT OF REACH CAUSING THE MAN TO SWING ANGRILY AT DAVID'S LEGS TO BRING HIM DOWN...
AND DAVID CLEVERLY BLUFFS HIM...
ENOUGH! I HAVE A PISTOL IN MY POCKET AS WELL AS YOU, AND IF YOU DO NOT STRIKE ACROSS THE HILLS DUE SOUTH, I WILL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!
THE TRICK WORKS WELL, FOR THE BLIND MAN SCURRIES AWAY IN HASTE...

The Hawk

By Rod Maxwell

THEY BRING THE BLONDE ONE TO THEEA'S ABODE!
HEAR THE DRUMS, POM? ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT THEY WILL THROB TO CHASE AWAY THE YELLOW-HAIRED ONE'S PAIN!
OHH! IT'S YOU, DELDA!
YOU MUST HELP ME...
IT WILL COST YOU MUCH, FOOLISH ONE! I SAW ALL!
COPR. 1953 PHOENIX FEATURES
WILL THE BLONDE ONE DIE, OLD WITCH?
NO, SHE WILL NOT DIE. BUT YOU MAY! THEEA KNOWS YOU PUSHED HER OVER THE CLIFF, YOU JEALOUS WILDCAT!
R.H. WEBB
9.

The Hawk

By Rod Maxwell

I HEARD YOU WERE AILING...
AYE, THE BOOT IS ON THE OTHER FOOT, YE CAN GLOAT OVER THAT FACT!
THIS IS THE SAME BREW YOU SERVED ME... I'D ADVISE YOU TO TRY IT THIS TIME...
GET THAT FOUL SMELLING STUFF AWAY FROM ME!
R.H. WEBB
I'M SURE I CAN'T MAKE YOU...
WAIT! BRING IT HERE... ONLY A LUBBER FUSSES OVER SUCH THINGS...
ZOUNDS! IT'S VILE...
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